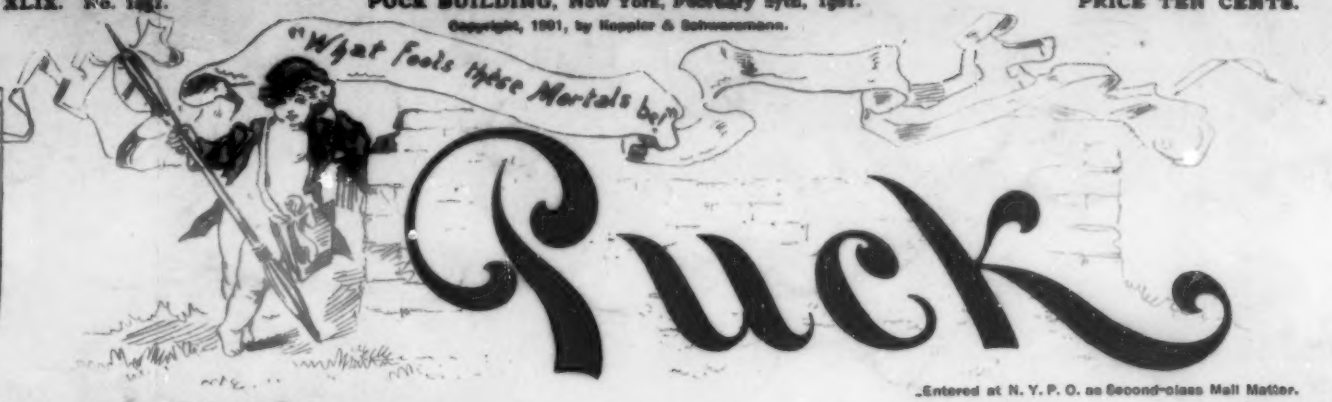
VOL. XLIX. No. 1252. PUCK BUILDING, New York, February 27th, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS.
Copyright, 1901, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Library of Congress
Two Copies Received
FEB 20 1901
Copyright entry
No.
SECOND COPY



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

ENCOURAGING THE CHILD.

UNCLE SAM.—That 's right, my boy! Go ahead! But, remember, I 'll always keep a Father's eye on you!

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HIS PLAN.

"This is very important. If the boy brings an answer promptly I 'll make it to his interest."

"We don't allow the boys to take money, sir!"

"Well, then, tell him to refuse what I 'll offer him."

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT G. WASHINGTON.

IT IS time that the rising generation learned something about George Washington; and who is more willing to teach them than I am? Once a year we have a holiday that we call Washington's Birthday. But to most of my readers — to all of them, in fact — it is merely a time for playing golf or for visiting the institutions where they dwell who once played golf, or for taking a nap, or for being bored by the children whom they manage to escape on ordinary week days. Therefore, feeling that it will be good for you to learn something about this hero, who has had so many more birthdays than any of us, I set out to gather facts concerning him.

I have ascertained that George Washington is not a pen name. He was really called by that familiar name by the grandparents of his country. Of these parents of his I have found that though they may not have been poor, at least they were honest. That 's a funny thing about the parents of great men. You often read that they were poor but honest, but you never read that one was poor and the other was honest, or that they were poor but dishonest. Is n't there something suspicious in this? Does n't it look as if someone whitewashed some great men's parents? We know how many dishonest people there are in the world, and we know that many of them have very able sons, but if those sons ever become presidents you will read in their biographies that their parents were honest. All the more credit to a man, I say, if he becomes great after having had dishonest parents. He should not be ashamed of their dishonesty. The Chinese teach us better than that.

But to return to George, who left us a hundred years ago — and we all hope to return to him sooner or later, if he 's where he ought to be and where we came from, — I find that in his youth George was ignorant of a thousand things that a stupid boy of to-day would know as unthinkingly as he knows he should wear clothes on week days. George Washington could not have told why automobiles do not need horses. Not only that, but he could not speak grammatically through a telephone. And this man lived to command an army! No wonder Carlyle speaks slightingly of him.

Most of us are intent on preserving amicable relations with England. We have a common ancestry and a common literature and a book of common prayer and some very common people and, unless our ancestors were Irish or French, we should love old England. And yet I find that this George Washington fought against England, although his own parents were born there. I am merely stating history and make no comments.

In reading about him the other day I came upon an incident that I believe has never crept into print. Perhaps because it was too feeble to do so.

When a lad of ten years, his maternal grandmother, old Mrs. George Washington, gave him a little hatchet made of papier-maché with the handle full of candy.

Now, it seems that in front of his father's cabin there grew a mighty cherry tree, twelve feet in circumference or height, and each Washington's Birthday it was loaded with ox-heart cherries. Naturally enough, the boy wished to test the virtue of his little hatchet upon the tree, and so he raised the weapon aloft, just as a cyclone swept through Virginia, and keeled over that monarch of the glen, and it fell with a resounding crash and woke from his usual twenty-second of February afternoon slumbers old Mr. George Washington. Rushing out of the cabin he saw George Washington, Jr., gazing at the wreck, and he said, "George, I have caught you in the axe. How did you ever do it?"

"Sir," said George Washington, with flashing eye and undaunted visage, "I did it with my little hatchet!"

The palpability of the lie so pleased the elder Washington that he drew George to his arms and said, "My little Munchausen, I had rather have lost a thousand trees than missed that lie!"

Charles Battell Loomis.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

PUCKOGRAPHS. — XCII.

A SENATOR WHO HAS MANAGED TO STAY OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.

LAZINESS frequently enables people to avoid some very serious mistakes.

THE FIANCÉS.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

SHE.— What did Papa say when you asked him, Bertie?
BERTIE.— He said, "This is so sudden!"

THE RIGHT TO DIVORCE RELATIVES.

THE DIVORCE laws of this country, even with all the modern conveniences of the Dakota courts included, are puzzlingly one-sided and countenance most unjust discrimination. In almost every State of the Union, to be sure, one can get rid of the husband or wife of his or her own personal and deliberate selection, but beyond that no one can go, unless alimony be considered a step in that direction. When it comes to breaking relationships other than the marital kind, and for which one is not at all responsible, the thing is a legal impossibility. Third cousins, second cousins, first cousins, and particularly country cousins, with whose election to the family one had nothing to do, are bound to one by ties of indissoluble kinship. Uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, godmothers and godfathers, — all stick closer than a wife or a husband. Hate them as you will, they are yours for life and beyond the reach of any residence in Fargo.

If evenly distributed justice is to be done, new laws must be added to the statute books which will permit one to divorce or obtain a legal separation from his relatives about as easily as he now can obtain one from the mate of his bosom. The advantages of such a law are almost beyond comprehension. For instance: Uncle Timothy writes from Sullivan County that he intends to make a return visit on one in the city, as he grew so fond of the family when they visited him last Summer on the farm. One simply goes to law, and in a few days Uncle is notified that he is no longer a legal relative and has no valid claim for board and keep. Or, again, maiden aunt purposes to spend the remainder of her days with nephew, who is expected to do all the other spending connected therewith. Summons; trial; verdict! One has a separation from aunt on payment of three dollars per week alimony — a very reasonable price.

ANOTHER SORT OF TREE.

"Now, children," said the pretty schoolmarm, after relating the affecting tale of Washington and his little hatchet, "what do you think of this cherry-tree story?"

"It 's a peach!" shouted Billy Barlow.

THOUGHT HE WAS GOING AFTER IT.

MR. COHENSTEIN.— Dis bicture, mein son, vas "Vashington Grossing der Telavare."

LITTLE IKEY *(in surprise)*.— Der Telavare? I thought it vas der Botomac he t'rew der silfer-tollar acrost!

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

DANGEROUS BUSINESS.

TOURIST.— Why don't you offer a reward for the desperados who robbed the bank here last week?

SHERIFF.— Why, if they thought there was any money in th' county treasury they 'd come back and rob that!

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

"TEN, TWENT' AND THIRT'."

"SOMEHOW, a pall of gloom seems to settle down over everything," pessimistically said the janitor of the village theatre, "when them dismal Ten-Twenty-and-Thirty-cents-admission actors come to town, with their long, dank locks, and their good right hands thrust into the bosoms of their superannuated Prince Albert coats. I presume one reason for it is the character of the plays they present; all as melancholy as a wintry rain fallin' on the top-side of a young girl's grave — like "Lady Audley's Secret," "East Lynne," "Driven from Home," and such like as that; dramas wherein the heroine kills herself with cold pizon, or goes crazy, or fades away with a broken heart; or the villain takes his hat, his departure, and his life afterwards, on the outside somewhere, without a single relievin' ray of levity piercin' the prevailin' gloom.

"I like killin's on the stage, of course, but I want 'em to be original and sensational, by new and novel methods, like the villain gittin' his head mixed up in a lot of cog-wheels or sizzed off by a buzzsaw; or to have him light the fuse of a sinister-lookin' bomb and place it beside the pale but defiant young hero's head as he lies bound on the floor, and then gloat in a voice with ice down its back, till he suddenly discovers by papers that he 's filched from the helpless hero's pocket that the young feller is his own son, and just as the fuse is beginnin' to splutter ominously, he grabs the fatal bomb and hurls it out through the centre door, where it is deftly caught, just an instant before it is due to blow up, by the Irish comedian, who was formerly a base-ball player, and now jumps into the room and flings the bomb out through the wings, whither the villain has fled; and there 's a deafenin' explosion, and the villain staggers back in with the south side of his face covered with red ink, and makes a few appropriate remarks, away down in his throat, and then spins round a time or two and falls kerplunk to the floor and defuncts with the red side of his head toward the gaspin' audience; and the Irishman gits off a funny sayin', and the curtain comes down amid thunders of applause. That 's what I admire. I like to have my killin's interspersed, so to express it, with a little fun as we go along, kinder like the streak o' lean, streak o' fat in a spare-rib.

"Another matter that makes things so gloomy when the Ten-Twent'-and-Thirter folks are in town is that they are the borrowin'est people in existence. When they arrive they come empty, never 'pearin' to have anything much but just their four bones a-piece, their marked talent and their individual palls of gloom; and they expect me to straightway borrow for 'em everything on earth and in the waters under the earth, as the feller said — daggers and kingly crowns and gyves and bunches of faggots and K. of P. swords and death-beds and last wills and testaments and mobs of caitiffs and dunjohns and tapestry and cathedral bells and pizoned cups and culverins and real food and dead bodies and outside shouts, and all such as that.

"Three years ago a gang of 'em borrowed a lot of Potter's shrouds — he 's owner of this Opery House, you know, and also runs the Palace Undertakin' Parlors downstairs — to use in playin' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' by Shakspere, and when they got through with 'em them shrouds were a sight to behold! I-golly but Potter raged! He had to sell 'em out as second-hand, and, as far as I know, he did n't smile again for 'most a month. And, sheets! — Well, I just simply decline to borrow sheets for 'em to use as Roman togys. That 's me! Year before last a party of 'em got me to git the loan of all the sheets in the Occidental Hotel for 'em to use for togys, and be-cussed if they did n't rip and rave 'em all to pieces in their frenzies of genius, till there was n't skurcely enough left of 'em to pad a crutch; and the landlord made me pay for 'em. I know when I 'm filled full, and I don't borrow no more Roman togys!

"And, kick! They are kickin'er than they are borrowin', and that is sayin' a whole lot! Why, a skeleton enjoyin' a fit on a hardwood floor is a fool compared with them Ten-Twent'-and-Thirt'ers for kickiness! Mornin', noon and night it 's *kick, kick, kickity-kick*, at everything, anything, and nothing. Apparently, that 's the way they take their much-needed exercise. Everything that is ort n't to be, and what ain't ort; and their sole excuse for it all is that they are not like common actors. Which is a fact! The older ones of 'em were all on the stage of the old Ford Theatre in Washington when President Lincoln was assassinated — although they were very, very young at the time. Another thing, all of 'em, irrespective of age, are play-writers, as well as actors — and, worse than that, they all tell me about their productions, or read 'em to me! The last one that I had the pleasure of listenin' to was founded on the theory of transmigration, and the hero of it returned to earth for the second time in the form of one of these 'ere old-fashioned Gran'-father's clocks about five feet tall, and the only human characteristic it retained was that it persisted in growin' whiskers. I told the author it was an original idea, and I believe so yet.

"The ladies of the company are usually just as peculiar. I have noticed that they are 'most generally saffron-haired and talented and averse to havin' a ripe peach handed to 'em on the end of a ten-foot pole, they are so haughty. They always exhale an anonymous odor of violets and stretch out beautifully manicured hands when occasion arises and give you them high English hand-shakes that are more of a gymnastic exhibition than a welcomin' salutation, and call every place but New York 'the

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

FEB. 22.

WASHINGTON BEAVER, SR.— Who cut down my cherry tree?
LITTLE GEORGIE.— Father, I can not tell a lie. I did it with my little toofies!

Provinces.' I have in my mind a lady of that sort. The feller that was managin' her had formerly been connected with a circus, and, consequently, had n't much reverence for Art; and he told me that when she wrote him for an engagement her letter smelt just as aforesaid and asked for a salary of sixty dollars per week and all expenses, with carriage to and from the depot and hotel, and betwixt hotel and opery house, and expenses for a nurse for her little boy, and so forth; with a small sum for pin-money, say two weeks' salary, in advance. And he answered her that his company walked from the depot to the hotel, and thence to the theatre and back; that as she was n't goin' to fetch her little boy along she would n't need to carry a nurse; and, in conclusion, if she cared to engage with his aggregation, he could offer her a salary of eight dollars per week, with board and car-fare; and by return mail she accepted with thanks, and put on a special-delivery stamp. He said, also, that she 'peared to be unable to study a new 'part' any place except in a cemetery, and, no matter if it was in the dead of Winter with snow on the ground, she 'd go to the grave-yard, select the tallest monument and go troopin' a path round and round it, the while she declaimed her stirrin' lines to an audience that could n't git away.

"Take it altogether, them Ten-Twent'-and-Thirt'ers are a little bit too peculiar, and hyper-critical, and ominous, as you might say, for me to entertain for 'em anything like what could be described as a fraternal feelin'."

Tom P. Morgan.

HE DID N'T KNOW THEM.

LUCINDY GEEHAW *(visiting New York with her father)*.—Thet young feller thet jus' looked at us so sharp an' then hurried round the corner was Mr. Lacecounter thet boarded with us at the farm last Summer.

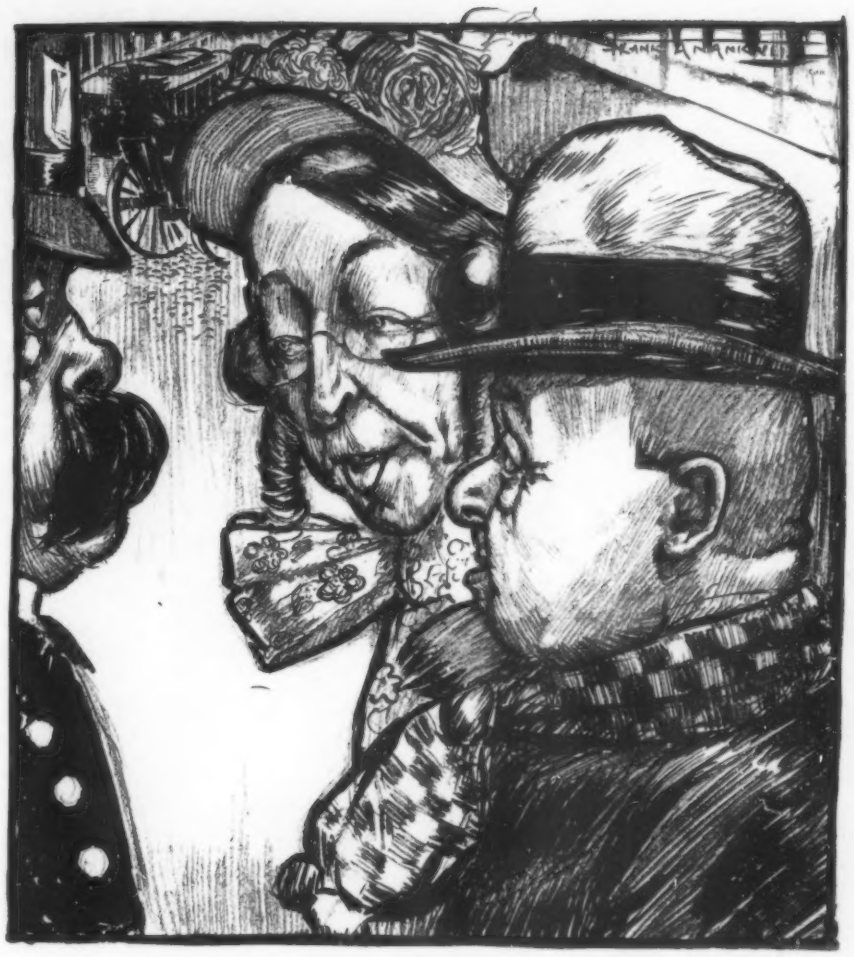
UNCLE GEEHAW *(consciously)*.—Well, by gum! We're dressed up so fine he did n't know us!

ALMOST ANY MAN, after he hears some one has said he is fine-looking, will try, for a time at least, to be more careful about his personal appearance.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HIS APPREHENSION.

"Gee! It won't take no fortune-teller to tell which of us two is goin' to git de nex' meal!"



HOW TO DO IT.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

UNCLE JOSH.—We 'd like to see everything that 's wuth seein' in New York.

POLICEMAN.—Well, thin, ye 'd betther move in from the counthry an' spind the rest av yer lives at it.

CASTE.

The Two-Headed Girl drew the line at the Ossified Man. "The way some impossible persons try to move in society," she bitterly protested, "gives me a pain!"

HIS VIEW.

HE.—I think it is desirable that a woman should be a little extravagant.

SHE.—A little extravagant?

HE.—Yes; just enough to make her avoid the bargain counters.

AN EXACTING PUBLIC.

"Yes," said the suburbanite; "our volunteer fire department is being a good deal criticised for that last run. Yes! Our people fail to see why the members should not make a fire substantially as quickly as they make the 7:05 train mornings."

PAYMENT IN FULL.

ISAACS.—You pet I haf some old scores to pay off to Rosenstein!

COHENSTEIN.—I chudge you ain'dt going to asg him to take feefty cents on der tollar.

NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

"If I had a million dollars I 'd start a newspaper."

"Well, if I had a million dollars I would n't start anything."

NOWADAYS the Mantle of Charity has to be of stylish cut and finish to be at all popular.

IT IS only after the Tragedy of Failure that we can appreciate the Comedy of Expectation.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HIRSUTE ASSISTANCE.

THE CELESTIAL. — Welly much tough job cally two geese marklet!

"Welly heavy blirds! Welly wild blirds; want fly alle time!

"Ah! Hoopee! Chinalaman welly smart! He know how fixee!

AN EFFECTUAL APPEAL.

"Brethren," impressively declaimed the Chicago minister, "Hades, the final abode of the wicked, is a horrible place in which to spend an eternity. During all the ages since its foundation they have never even taken a school census there!"

The church received two hundred and ninety-eight additions after the service.

WE ARE inclined to reprehend novels which fill young girls with longings for careers and Japanese house gowns.

WORK.

"Dear me!" observed the Eternal Feminine, being in a reminiscent mood. "There is much more work connected with having one's heart broken than there used to be! Time was when one had but to weep and pine away, whereas now one has also to write whole pages in one's diary! Ah, yes!"

"Tie stling to pig tail all safee.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HIS FAME SECURE.

MRS. GROGAN.—Who was George Washington, Mrs. Hogan? Did he ivvir do annything?

MRS. HOGAN.—He probably did, Mrs. Grogan; but nobody got onto it!

STORK.

A woman came to the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded, brusquely.

"I — er — that is," stammered the Stork, blushing with the utmost violence, "I had it in mind —"

"Well, you 're too homely to trim hats with!" exclaimed the woman and shut the door.

"Welly glood idea! No heavy; no weightee; no glet away; fly all want! Chinalaman he smokee ciglarette."

HIS MISTAKE.

FIRST WATCH-DOG.—A burglar got into the house last night and the family is awfully sore on me.

SECOND WATCH-DOG.—Didn't you wake up?

FIRST WATCH-DOG.—Oh! I heard somebody moving around, but I thought it was the old man coming home with a jag.

THE RAINDEER.

The Raindeer is a funny fellow,
He always carries an umbrella;
He 's very fond of mackintoshes,
And wears two pairs of fine galoshes.
It causes him extreme regret
If any of these things get wet.
So when the sun shines in the sky
He hangs them on his horns to dry.

Carolyn Wells.

AFTER ALL, we should have charity for the Anglican school of humor, inasmuch as it has to get along without George Washington and the cherry tree.

PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, February 27, 1901. — No. 1251.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of PUCK are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

Puck's Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CUBA ON TRIAL. THE CUBAN problem seems to be one that will gradually solve itself along the line of common-sense, which is the line of least resistance. All the pother that is being raised about it may obscure but can not complicate the main issue, which is, that the United States is bound to establish peace and order and enlightened government there. This will be done soon or late, and be made difficult or easy, according to the capacity for self-government shown by the Cubans. But it must be done at any cost, for the sovereignty and the responsibility are with the United States, and neither can be evaded until it be done. Once this condition is achieved, the question of "Cuban independence" will probably be considered by both parties as a mere detail. Until it is achieved there is no such thing as Cuban independence even to talk about. When the Cubans have shown the same capacity for self-government that the people of Maine or California show, the big work will have been done. If the particular kind of independence enjoyed by those states does not then satisfy them they will unquestionably be permitted to have any other kind they may elect. In the meantime they have not been treated oppressively, but, considering their history, rather with incautious liberality. To give them independence before they could govern themselves would be nothing more than inviting trouble to ourselves. And, by the same token, we could not judiciously "acquire" the island until it was able to govern itself. We might find ourselves saddled with another Kentucky or Kansas. Until Cuba is able to give bonds for her good behavior, then, the United States must keep not only a watchful eye but a firm hand upon her.

THE BLOND WOMAN. WE TRUST no impulsive action may be had upon that Chicago horse-doctor's disclosure that "to be blond is to be diseased." There are several reasons for hesitation before the blond woman is officially proscribed and hustled into quarantine. For one reason, the discoverer is a horse-doctor. For another, he lives in Chicago. Further, in citing his discovery "that blond women are the result of a prehistoric disease" and that "originally all people were of a dark color," he overlooks the historical datum that the blond races have always descended upon the dark races and subjugated them by superior brain and brawn. That blond women, too, since those early days, have wrought more havoc among the sons of men than their dark sisters, have upset more governments, caused more wars and provoked more poetry, is also germane. "I am not quite ready to divulge the secret of my discovery in its entirety," says the doctor, which sounds kind of Nikola Tesla, and helps one to suspend judgment. Whatever the outcome may be, we can promise the doctor one thing: if he establishes hospitals for treating these azure-eyed, golden-haired unfortunates and finds himself short of attendants and trained nurses, he may learn of something to his advantage by addressing this office.

THE NEW KING. PUCK'S felicitations go decorously to Edward VII and his subjects. King and people will interfere with each other but little. The monarch has worn off the sharp corners of a youth that was sometimes obtrusively angular, and has come as near to years of discretion as his environment will ever permit. At present he is a hale, tubby-looking old gentleman of sixty, of whom it will presently become inaccurate to say that he is getting bald; and one whose life-long interest in sports, from horse-racing to women, has always been keen. He will distress his subjects with none of the "divine right" nonsense which has brought his royal nephew of Germany into ridicule; and he will wear splendid uniforms, appear to the multitude on balconies, and lay corner-stones, all with becoming solemnity. So long as Great Britain must have a King, Edward VII is about the right sort.

THE TRUST SLAVE. TREMBLERS FOR the safety of the common people are stirred up just now because the Trusts show a tendency to come together in one Trust. Iron and steel and railroads, coal, sugar and oil,—they watch these fuse in the market place, foretell the result, and implore us all to take a day off for trembling. They love to tremble at Mr. Rockefeller. They never tire of rolling his daily income around on their tongues. They believe that he has all but cunningly foiled the Creator in a plan to make something of the human race. Yet a colder and more plausible supposition is that Mr. Rockefeller is a public benefactor set up to teach the world a little common sense about money. His demonstration that there is a limit to the happiness which wealth bestows is easily comprehended. We all understand that he can drive no more horses at a time, sail no more yachts, live in no more houses and wear no more clothes, than when he was worth a meagre ten million; that while he can eat but one dinner at a time, he would probably find more pleasure in that to-day if he had not applied himself so rigorously to amassing the last two or three hundred useless millions. This much is plain to him who runs. But the chief value of Mr. Rockefeller's example is less obvious. It lies in the fact that he has succeeded in doing what every other business man is striving to do. And if it was n't worth while for Mr. Rockefeller to succeed in doing, it is n't worth while for every other man to wear himself out in trying. Something was said in the last Democratic platform about "those contemplating monopoly," as if every man, from the sidewalk shoestring merchant to the Trust magnate does n't contemplate monopoly. Some get a closer look at it than others; but we have yet to hear of a business man turning away business that he could take conveniently, in order to sustain his competitors. Men wear themselves out to attain this unwieldy wealth. A few of them succeed, enough to serve as horrible examples to such of the rest as hold any sane ideas about life. These money-grubbers are as men crossing the ocean on a first-class ticket, but who would prefer to go down and help stoke throughout the voyage. Perhaps we have a little too much Hebrew mythology still in the blood to believe that life was actually meant to be enjoyed; but our money kings are helping us to the truth. And the common people need n't worry because one of them seems to be getting all the money. If this came to pass it would be easier to take it away from one man than from a thousand.

THE MATRON SOLILOQUIZES.

I HATE TO, yes, but soon I must
Wear glasses or take things on trust;
Time is a slow and certain thrust
That can't be parried.
Was it not yesteryear we met?
It *seems* like yester*day*, and yet
Two decades'—almost—suns have set
Since we were married.

Ralph will protest *he* does n't see
A hint of any change in me—
He always did (Oh! did n't he?)
Know how to flatter.
It 's true, I—Well, prink just a mite
More than I used to think was right;
But that is *entre nous*, and quite
Another matter.

A tell-tale box the mail just brought
In motion set this train of thought.
A valentine! No doubt I ought
To call it folly!
But Ralph still plays the lover true—
And I like *that?* Of course, I do!
A valentine at forty-two!
Is it not jolly?

Heigho! Time flies apace, indeed!
But Cupid 's not behind in speed,
And here 's a proof Love's nectar need
Not turn to water.
The hand is not like Ralph's a bit!
Is this *my* name? I must admit
That glasses would not be—Why, it—
It 's for my daughter!

Edward W. Barnard.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

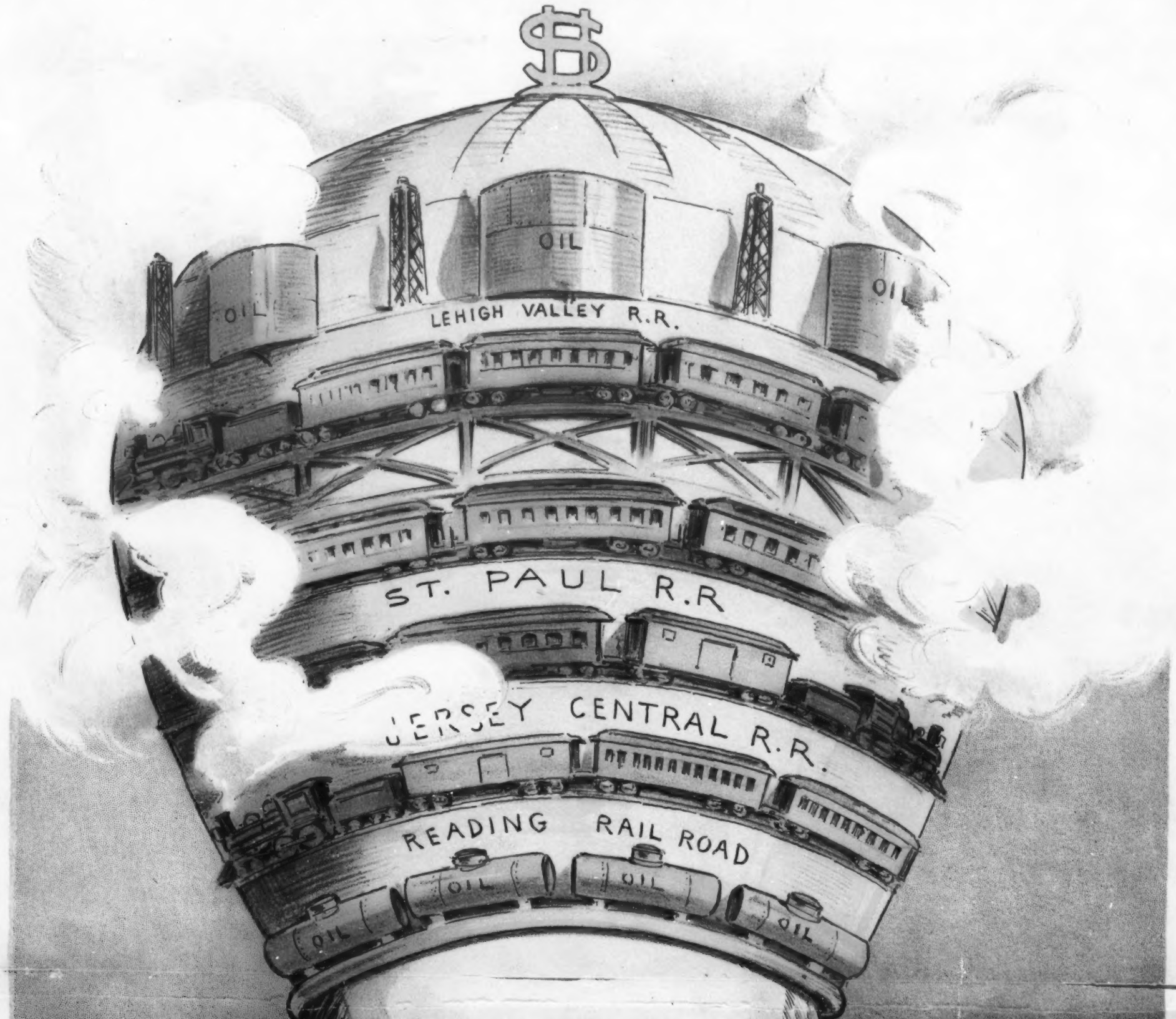
HIS EXPERIENCE.

"I 'm afraid you 're late for your train."
"Impossible! I 'm sure my watch is right!"
"Yes. I 've missed lots of trains by being sure my watch was right!"

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE KING OF THE COMBINATIONS.


OIL
OIL
OIL
LEHIGH VALLEY R.R.
ST. PAUL R.R
JERSEY CENTRAL R.R.
READING RAIL ROAD
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

NOT A BENCH.

THE ST. BERNARD.—It 's funny;—this exhibition is known as a "bench show."

THE BULL-DOG *(grimly)*.—Well, I just want to see somebody try to sit on me.

SOBER THOUGHTS FOR THE ECONOMICAL.

OH! Russell Sage, and Hetty Green, and all you saving folk,
What will you do in Heaven?—and I mean this as no joke.
Can you be happy, think you, in that sweet and blessed hence,
Where it will be impossible to save the least expense?
For where there 's nothing you can buy to eat or wear or use,
There 's nothing you can save by taking cheaper clothes or shoes.
You can't save on a store-bill there by eating a dry roll,
Nor shut the damper of a stove and save a little coal;
Nor live in darkness evenings to be saving on the gas;
Nor save a little railroad fare by begging for a pass;
Nor save a little discount by spot-payment of your bills;
Nor save, when you are sick, by taking half-a-dose of pills;
Nor save by staying home when there 's a concert by the choir;
Nor save by not insuring 'gainst the chances of a fire;
Nor save by wearing years and years a rusty-looking hat;
Nor save by starving half to death a lean and shabby cat.
In short, up there, try as you may, from taxes to house-rent,
You 'll miss forevermore the joy of saving half a cent!

George A. Elder.

THE SALOON WRECKER ABROAD.

Special to the CLARION.

BOTTLEVILLE, Ind., Jan. 26.—A determined-looking woman, wearing a long black cape and heavily veiled, stepped from the Westboro local last night and it was at once whispered about that Mrs. Nation had arrived in town. Word was immediately brought to Hank Logan, the genial host of our tavern, and he locked his doors and mounted guard with the old musket that his father, Matt Logan, who was one of the first settlers in Bottleville, used to carry in the war. It transpired, however, that the mysterious woman was not Mrs. Nation, after all, but the new school-teacher from Lafayette. It was a good joke on the temperance folks, as they had prepared to give Mrs. Nation a great send-off after she had smashed up Hank's place.

Special to the CLARION.

BARRELBORO, Kan., Jan. 26.—Secret meetings of the temperance workers are being held here, and Jim Platt, who runs the grocery store, is said to have shipped two barrels of applejack out of town, so as to prevent trouble. Jim says that the temperance people can search his place if they want to.

Special to the CLARION.

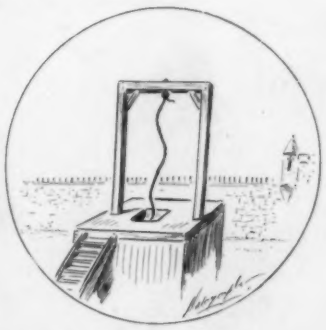
TANKVILLE, Texas, Jan. 26.—Jack Bludso has had his mirror boxed up and put in the back room. He is thinking of raising the price to two bits straight to provide against possible loss in case Mrs. Nation comes here. Great excitement prevails.

THEY 'RE BOTH EFFECTIVE.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

The Criminal's Knock-Out Drops

and—



The Law's Knock-Out Drop.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

AMPLE CONSIDERATION.

"Yes; she rejected him after accepting attentions from him for a year."

"I think he was entitled to more consideration."

"Oh! I don't know. I think she was considering him all the time."

AFTER THE BEST ONE.

HUSKINBY *(chucklingly)*.—It wuz twelve below zero by my thermometer at five o'clock this mornin', an Hi Badgely's on'y showed nine below at thet hour.

RUBENHAY *(disdainfully)*.—Huh! Mine registered twenty-three below at that very time.

HUSKINBY.—B' Gosh! How much will yew take tew boot an' trade!

THE BOER WAR, by demonstrating the uncertainties of a sure thing, may do more for the cause of peace than the Peace Conference.

AGAIN.

ON RAMPART high a watcher stands
And looks with tranquil eye
Upon the country round about
Beneath the starry sky.

No halberd has he by his side,
He wears no martial frown;
Within his hands he holds a book;
His dress, a priestly gown.

With patience there he stands as one
Who can afford to wait,
For ere night 's fled a penitent
Will seek the castle gate.

A distant sound! 'T is hardly heard,
And yet his well-trained ear
Tells him his vigil 's almost o'er—
The penitent is near.

Along the highway, straight and broad,
With trumpets, cymbals, drums,
With trappings gay and torches bright,
A cavalcade now comes.

The watcher hears the well-bred noise,
He notes the good form stare—
'T is as of old; he knows, once more,
The penitent is there.

Down drawbridge, then! Portcullis raise!
Know ye her good intent—
My Lady would retire within
The walls of Castle Lent!

Wood Levette Wilson.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

SECURED IN THE NIGHT.

PARSON JACKSON *(dining with member of congregation)*.—Dis am a fine tuhkey, indeed, Mistah Johnsing! What did it cost yo'?

MR. JOHNSING *(absently)*.—About two houahs sleep!

LOCAL ITEMS FROM THE "LONELYVILLE WEEKLY RECORD."

Mr. Buildingloan is cutting ice in his cellar.

Mr. Easypayments, lovely Lonelyville's only police officer, who combines lamp-lighting, snow-shoveling and doing odd jobs with his regular duties as patrolman, being indisposed with the grip, Lonelyville will be without police surveillance or lighted street lamps for a few days.

The rumor that a new grocery store was to be opened in Lonelyville in the near future which would sell provisions at city prices, has caused quite a noticeable fluctuation in the prices of chickens, butter, etc., at the present store. Chickens, which were quoted at twenty-five cents a pound Monday, have fallen five or six points, and are selling around eighteen cents; and butter has fallen seven points, from thirty-five cents a pound, and is to be had at twenty-five cents—not more than one pound to a single customer.

Mr. Newcome advertises half-a-dozen second-hand hot-water bags elsewhere in the *Record*, as good as new, for sale cheap, as he intends moving back to the city and does not expect to require them for thawing out frozen water-pipes any longer.

The Lonelyville Improvement Society will hold a debate in the railroad station this evening, the subject being: "Which makes the better sidewalks, ashes and old tomato cans, or old bottles and ordinary rubbish?"

Mr. Deadswell is having the horse-block and hitching-post in front of his cosy easy-monthly-payment cottage neatly shingled.

Several handsome new "For Sale" and "To Let" signs have been erected on the new Swamp-Meadow-side Addition.

No one has been guilty of shoveling the snow off the sidewalks of lovely Lonelyville this Winter any more than in former Winters. As snow greatly enriches the earth, this doubtless accounts for the luxuriant growth of grass which renders the Lonelyville sidewalks almost as impassable in Summer as they are when covered with snow during the Winter months.

Necessity being the mother of invention, our leading resident, Mr. Hermitage, has gotten up an improved, indestructible "To Let" and "For Sale" sign. Mr. Hermitage's new sign is lettered in luminous paint, so that it may be read upon the darkest night; it is at the same time rigged up so that when it is knocked down by a stone or brickbat, it will bob up again uninjured, like the dummies in Coney Island at which you throw base-balls for the cigars. These new signs will fill a long-felt want.

Con. C. Converse.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

THE MATERIAL SIDE.

YOUNG MR. ISAACS.—I haf come to asgk der handt oaf your daughter in marriach!

OLD MR. COHENSTEIN.—Do you subbose you can fail for der liapilities dot she haf been aggustomed to?

GOOD SUGGESTION

"Can you let me have that ten dollars you owe me?" said Thornton to Perkasie.

Perkasie shook his head.

"But I really need the money."

"Do as I did—borrow."

A DISTINCTION.

MRS. LOWERTON.—But the rich enjoy so many luxuries!

LOWERTON.—Some do; others merely have them.

IT IS a poorly provided octopus which can't afford to keep a pair or two of hands clean for show purposes.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

The Public Knows

the Best Whiskey. Hence

Hunter Baltimore Rye

has the largest sale. You find it everywhere.

10 Years Old

Mellow and of Fine, Rich Flavor

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE QUERY OF THE BLASÉ.

They say this world is round. Ah, me!
How does it happen that
All things upon it seem to be
So absolutely flat?
—*Washington Star.*

ONLY a few drink themselves to death, but thousands eat themselves to death.—*Atchison Globe.*

LIKE ALL THE REST.

OLD FRIEND *(playfully).*—And so you married a Boston girl! Can you always understand her when she talks?

MR. GOTHAM.—U'm! Not when she talks to the baby.—*New York Weekly.*

VENICE will not realize what an excitement genius can produce until the naphtha launch takes the place of the gondola.—*Washington Post.*

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HER EXPERIENCE.

MARRIED FRIEND.—Servants should be kept in their place.

THE BRIDE.—Well, I 'm sure I 'm willing to offer any reasonable inducement, but they won't stay!

Dining car service unexcelled on the Seaboard Air Line Railway to Florida.

5¢ will Buy a

Pathfinder CIGAR

SOLD UNDER THOMAS J. HUNT NOTARY PUBLIC PHILADELPHIA PA. BONA FIDE GUARANTEE

ASK YOUR DEALER:
If he does not sell them, send his name and address and $1.25 to
W. K. GRESH & SONS, MAKERS NORRISTOWN, PA.
who will send you a box of 25, express prepaid.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

OPIUM

MORPHINE and LAUDANUM

habits cured by OPACURA a painless home treatment endorsed and used by leading Physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT, sufficent to convince you it WILL CURE, sent FREE, with book of testimonials (sealed).

OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. Z, Chicago.

PRICELESS.

There 's a baby at our house;
Came the other night.
He 's the cutest little mouse,
Eyes so small and bright.
Little fingers fat and pink;
When they spread apart
Seem to reach right out and sink
Deep into your heart.
Worth his weight in gold, you say?
Goodness bless your soul!
That would scarce express it. He's
Worth his weight in coal!
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

YEAST.—What is the most popular drinking song you ever heard?

CRIMSONBEAK.—"We Won't Go Home 'til Morning."
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The victims of next winter's epidemic of grippe those whose systems have not recovered from exhaustion of summer. *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters, great South American tonic for weak people.

THE wages of sin are always paid right on time.—*Ram's Horn.*

CHURCH.—Where in the world do you suppose those Bellevue Hospital nurses have graduated from?

GOTHAM.—West Point, perhaps.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Hartford Tires

Represent everything that can be desired in a perfectly comfortable, practical, honest tire.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co., HARTFORD, CONN.

DRUG STORE COFFEE.

CUSTOMER *(at soda fountain).*—Have you any coffee flavor?

CLERK *(briskly).*—Yes, sir!

CUSTOMER.—Does it taste like coffee?

CLERK.—U'm—er—n-no; but it looks like coffee—perfect picture of it, sir.—*New York Weekly.*

A WIDE GULF.

BRIGGS.—I hear you have been operating in Wall Street.

GRIGGS.—A great mistake! I've been operated upon!—*Harper's Bazar.*

GOLD SEAL

"Special Dry" "Brut"

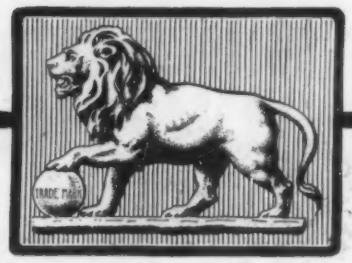
Champagne

AMERICA'S BEST

Gold Seal is equal to any French wine and superior to any American wine.

Then why pay twice as much for foreign labels? Ask for it at your club and café. It is for sale everywhere.

URBANA WINE CO.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Urbana, New York.



Gold Lion Cocktails

are GOLD MEDAL Cocktails
That's what they said in Paris

Seven varieties ✓ At all first-class dealers
***The* COOK & BERNHEIMER CO., New York**

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The Only Kind that Won't Dry on the Face"

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.
The only firm in the world making a specialty of SHAVING Soaps
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

There are more

Bicycle Playing Cards

Grand Prix, Paris Exposition, 1900.

TRADE MARK ACE

used than all other brands combined, because experience has shown players they are the best for general use.

"Card Games, and How to Play Them," a 120 page book mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2c. stamps.

Dept. 25 THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sold by Dealers from Greenland to Australia.

No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory.

Goddess of Liberty trade-mark ace on every pack.

For Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

Smith & Wesson

TRADE MARK

Revolvers

THE Worlds Standard

Catalogue of latest Models for a stamp.
SMITH & WESSON,
8 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

Pickings from Puck

No. 39

OUT TO-DAY

Contains more than

200 Illustrations by Puck's staff of artists.

Price, 25 cents per copy.
All Newsdealers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address,
New York. PUCK.

THE man who is but a figure-head will not amount much figure.—*Ram's Horn.*

SPITEFUL.

The shape of my new Winter gown," exclaimed May,
"Is not what I want; I can't bear it.
I wonder how I could improve it?" Said Fay:
"You might let some other girl wear it."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A REBUKE.

"Jenkins says there are two errors in his bill. You know the multiplication table, Mr. Redink?"
"Certainly, sir!"
"Well, it 's a great mistake to forget it when you 're making out bills!"

The vigor and force imparted by the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters makes work a recreation. Get the genuine. Druggists and grocers.

Try it. Once used it takes the precedence of all others—*Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.* It has a most delicious bouquet.

THE EFFECT OF OVERCROWDING.

"Yes; I took that fat pug dog of mine on board one of the Euclid cars at the Square the other evening."

"Well?"

"Well, the car filled up and ran over, and men and women hung onto the rear platform."

"Well?"

"Well, when I finally emerged from the car at Lake View and drew that fat pug after me, by Jove! I found that he had been squeezed into a dachshund!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A SIGN is posted on a farm in Union township, Adams county, which says: "No huntin on thes preMises. us Farmers would ketch hell if we went to Town and shot chicKens."—*Indianapolis News.*

"THE DAY," writes a Georgia editor, "was so beautiful and clear you could see a silver dollar, shining like the sun in July, half a mile off."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

IN old times whiskey was not harmful; that kind is not harmful now

Old Overholt

Bottled in Bond Direct from the barrel

A. OVERHOLT & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

White Rock LITHIA WATER

has no salty mineral taste.

326 FIRST PREMIUMS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.
Prairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

When you feel as tho' you 'd like to "shuffle off this mortal coil,"
And leave this world of misery, unhappiness and toil—
Those little things called R.I.P.A.N.S will make you love your life,
Forget the pangs of poverty, and laugh at pain and strife.

MORPHINE OPIUM, DRINK HABITS permanently cured at home. No loss of time from business. No relapses. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). DR. PURDY, Room 7, Binz Bldg., Houston, Texas.

There is hardly a spot in the civilized world where

"Canadian Club" Whisky

is not enjoyed because of its delicate and unmistakable flavour and fragrant aroma. Its remarkable blending qualities make it especially delicious in cocktails, highballs or in any drink in which whisky is used.

HEUBLEIN'S

Club Cocktails

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,

HARTFORD. NEW YORK. LONDON.

Drink Evans' Stout now

If you want richer blood or need building up.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Hudson, N. Y. Established 1786.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

IN Electrical, Mechanical, Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive ENGINEERING (Including Mechanical Drawing). Number limited. American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.

IF YOU WANT TO BE

Popular

BUY

Grand Imperial Champagne....

It is the highest priced AMERICAN WINE... Because it is the best

For sale by all the leading Hotels, Cafes and Clubs Everywhere

Price-lists of assorted cases on application.

GERMANIA WINE CELLARS
Hammondsport and Rheims, N. Y.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. GOODMAN.—You should tell our doctor to call on the washer-woman's family.

MRS. G.—Dear me! What 's the matter there?

"Influenza, I think."

"Who told you?"

"No one; but I notice that only two of my handkerchiefs came back this week."—*New York Weekly.*

THE UP-TO-DATE ENTHUSIAST

"Do you like deviled crabs, Miss Giddey?" Mr. Hunker asked.

"Oh! I think they are just heavenly; don't you?" replied the girl.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOTS of men are called pessimists who are nothing more than rag-chewers.—*Washington Democrat.*

FIGURES may not lie, but some bank officials succeed in making them do the most remarkable stunts.—*Washington Post.*

Arnold Constable & Co.

Women's Costumes.

Suitable for early season or Southern Wear.

Veiling, Crêpe de Chine, Foulard, Nets, Albatross and Cotton Novelties.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK

FOR SALE—PUCK'S ORIGINALS.

OWING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Life, Accident and Health INSURANCE

MORE THAN **$42,643,384** HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED TO POLICY HOLDERS AT A LESS COST THAN BY ANY OTHER COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Employers' Liability Policies

PROTECTING OWNERS and EMPLOYERS AGAINST STATUTORY LIABILITY.

NO ONE CAN AFFORD
TO BE WITHOUT THEM.

Assets, = = $30,928,331.52

Reserves and all other Liabilities, - $26,385,204.71 Excess Security to Policy Holders, - $4,543,126.81

Home Office, Hartford, Ct. J. G. BATTERSON, President. New York Office, 31 Nassau.

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

E. V. PRESTON, Sup't Agencies.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

THE PARTY IN POWER.

"No more liquor, quoth thy mistress? I have had too much already? Tell thy mistress I will not be treated thus before my guest!"
"Nay! My mistress saith, if thou didst make a row it would prove thou hast had too much; for if thou wert sober thou wouldst know it is no use to make a row."

BALLANTINE BREW.

QUALITY PURITY

For nearly 70 years this trade mark has stood for the highest development and art of brewing

India Pale Ale,
XXX Canada Malt Ale,
Old Burton Ale,
Porter, Brown Stout, Half and Half.

On Draught or in Bottles.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.
134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.

IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
When in the dark he strikes a chair:
"Who put that —— —— —— thing
there?!?!"
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

BRINGING HER OUT.

DASHAWAY.— The only trouble with that St. Louis girl is that she does n't know how to talk.

CLEVERTON.— She does n't, eh? Well, you take her out on the links some day to play golf, and wait until you have a difficult putt to make.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE man who could n't fill the office better than the man elected has yet to be born in a great republic.—*Star of Hope.*

"And the Wilderness Shall Blossom as the Rose."

SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

is a remarkable illustration of the above prophecy, and persons who have not seen it for a few years will be astonished at its wonderful growth. It is best reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their immediate connections.

Any ticket agent of the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Big Four, or Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroads will tell you about it.

A copy of No. 5 of the "Four Track Series," "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

THE BLONDE HEROINES PROTEST.